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FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Obras Literarias De Don F. Martinez de la Rosa, 4 vols. Paris.

ANY thing literary from Spain is agreeable now-a-days for its novelty, and we gladly hail the appearance of the works of de la Rosa, were it only as a proof that the Spaniards have not forgotten those gifts of reading and writing which Dogberry says come by nature, and for which, especially in the dramatic and romantic walks, they were once so deservedly famous. These volumes contain a number of dramatic pieces, principally tragic, many miscellaneous poems, and a treatise on poetic art, illustrated with copious annotations which would unquestionably be very valuable, but that the subject had been so completely exhausted before. The plot, of perhaps the best of the tragedies, is founded on the story of *Œdipus*, so familiar to all who delight in the productions of the ancient Greek theatre. We confess, however, the Spaniards do not now appear to us to understand the art of producing dramatic effect, though in other respects this play may justly rank as a fine composition. *La Viuda de Padilla* is entitled to similar praise.

A comedy called *La Nina en Casa, la Madre en Mascara*, or the Daughter at Home, the Mother at the Masquerade, we found, in our imperfect acquaintance with the language, a performance by no means to be laughed at. We shall return to the subject of the Spanish theatre at an early day, and discuss its history and merits as largely and particularly as our limits will permit.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, March 22.

We have been so much taken up with politics during the last few days, that there has been little time to devote to subjects of literature and science, or the lighter matters which are considered interesting in a miscellany from which politics are excluded. I cannot give you a stronger proof of this, than in stating, that the *Globe*, a paper which has risen into fame by its literary and scientific articles, has, for several days past, been filled with political discussions, or news, from beginning to end; you must not, therefore, consider me an idle collector, since there is little to collect.

In the present contest between the liberals and the government, no class of persons seems to be exposed to more obloquy than the clergy; almost all the literati of the capital are opposed to their growing influence, as if religion and literature were inconsistent. Nothing seems to offend the patrons of the latter more than the support given to the clergy by the government, and an article in the *Gazette des Cultes*, showing the amount of donations and legacies in favour of the clergy, since the accession to power of M. de Polignac, has excited much bad feeling among their literary opponents. As this article is very curious and concise, I subjoin a translation:—"The donations and legacies in favour of the French clergy, amounted, in 1829, to 4,268,927 fr. The amount, for the first half year, was 10,440 fr. and for the second, that is, since M. de Polignac has been in power, 4,172,750 fr. During the four preceding years, 20,750,984 frs. had been received for the same object; so that the clergy have obtained in donations, &c. in-

dependently of what is allowed them by the state, more than 25,000,000 fr. The ministers of the Protestant Church received, in donations, during the last year, 55,491 fr. The hospitals, 2,683,578 fr. The parishes, 585,639 fr. The department of public instruction, 105,580 fr. and the Monts-de-Piété, 2500 fr. The department of the Seine contributed to the above sums during 1829, as follows: for the clergy, 29,631 fr. for hospitals, 201,857 fr.; and for the parishes, 21,000 fr. It is remarked that in those departments where the Jesuits have establishments, the proportion of the donations made to the clergy has been exorbitant; and that in the *Vienne*, the *Morbihan* and the *Somme*, where no donations were made under the administration of M. de Martignac, a sum of 499,295 francs has been obtained since the accession of M. de Polignac."

The following curious letter has been received by a gentleman in Paris, from his correspondent at Milan:—

Milan.

"I have reached Milan, and even here an example has just come under my notice, which exceeds what I should have previously imagined of the diffusion of a taste for the Fine Arts amongst the Italians. Will you believe it? a boot-maker is the possessor of a 'Gallery of sculpture, paintings, and engravings,' which contains choice specimens of many of the most eminent masters, not only of the Italian school, but what is rarer in Italy, of the Flemish, and also several productions of the best chisels.—The name of this tasteful son of Crispin, is Ronchetti; and I can assure you by my own experience, his zeal as a Mæcenas has not prejudiced his skill as a professor of the 'last;' on the contrary, I never in my life was so well fitted, while the materials and workmanship are admirable. His habit is only to prepare one boot at first, in order to try; and there is an anecdote of Napoleon and him arising out of this custom. The emperor, when at Milan, hearing of the famous bootmaker, ordered a supply. Ronchetti, according to custom, came in a day or two with one boot to try on. The emperor was in council, and the fitter of his *understanding* had to wait two hours, until his patience was exhausted.—'I leave the boot,' said he to the servant in waiting; 'and his majesty may try it at his leisure.' It fitted to perfection, but never would our Italian Hobby be prevailed upon to make a fellow to it. The emperor alternately menaced and cajoled, but the man of leather was proof against both. I wonder never to have seen this singular and ingenious person named by tourists in Italy; he is quite a lion in his way. The next time you come to Milan, go and see him and his fine gallery. His conversation is interesting, and piquant with anecdotes of the arts and eminent personages, whom he has seen in his double capacity of connoisseur and artist."

London, March 23.

You have probably seen some of the attacks which have been made in various publications upon the new Literary Union Club in Regent-street. To judge from these, a person unacquainted with the real facts would suppose that many of the members were persons not only unfit, from their station in life, to belong to such a society, but were also otherwise exceptionable as to character and conduct. The truth, however, appears to be, that only five or six persons who could have been fairly objected to in

open ballot, have found admission into the club; and as the committee have given way to the wish of the members at large, that the ballot should now be open, there can be no doubt of its future respectability. The number of members already admitted exceeds 800.

Amongst the new speculations in the literary world is a Sunday newspaper called *The Intelligence*, which comes out as an avowed organ of the Treasury. The first number made its appearance yesterday, and excited a considerable sensation. It contained, amongst other curious matters, a severe animadversion upon a celebrated preacher, the Rev. Daniel Wilson, vicar of Islington, for having introduced the Scottish method of catechising his congregation from the desk, a practice which appears to be repugnant to the genius of the Established Church, and much more nearly allied to the class-meetings of the Methodists. The worthy vicar, a man of excellent private character, and great talent, is, it is hardly necessary to add, one of the leaders of that party in the Church of England which piques itself on being exclusively "evangelical."

I have read with great satisfaction your notice of Mr. Godwin's last new novel, *Cloudesley*. You appear, however, to have somewhat mistaken what I said in my last letter on this subject. I by no means meant to insinuate that the work was not one of very great merit, but merely to say, that the sale of it was not so extensive as might have been expected from the celebrity of the author. It gives me great pleasure now to state, that as the work becomes known, the demand for it increases; and it cannot, I think, fail in the end of being popular. There is little new in literature to notice this week; indeed I know not of any work of the last few days worthy notice. In the dramatic world also, things are very dull; Miss Kemble, after a career of extraordinary, and almost unprecedented brilliancy, takes her benefit at Covent-Garden on Thursday, for which occasion every place has been already secured; and, in consideration of the great liberality evinced by herself and her father, with respect to the amount of her remuneration during the season, very handsome sums have been sent to her by way of presents in exchange for tickets. Miss Smithson, who was for some time with you, has concluded an engagement for two months, at the rate of sixty pounds per week, with the manager of the new Feydeau Theatre at Paris; she has also a benefit secured to her, which will make her engagement worth twenty pounds a week more. She was present last night at Miss Kemble's performance, with which she appeared much delighted, and leaves town to-morrow for Paris. Drury-Lane Theatre, since the secession of Mr. Price, has had a fair run of business; nothing is yet determined as to who is to be the future lessee, but I understand from all who intend to bid for the lease, that they will not take it without a very considerable reduction of rent.

I have already mentioned to you, that the Columbian and Mexican ambassadors at our court, were literary men of considerable note in their respective countries, where talent appears to be appreciated much more than title.

* We did not misapprehend our valued correspondent's meaning at all; we merely availed ourselves of the opportunity his letter afforded, of entering a general caveat against mistaking any other man's opinions for our own, which we deemed due to our correspondents rather than to ourselves, as we have no wish to arrogate the merits or appropriate the labours of others. Ed.

M. de Gorostiza, the Mexican minister, who is the author of several very successful dramas in the Spanish language, is now engaged on a work of some importance, which will be published either here or in Paris. The following authentic anecdote of this gentleman, will, I think, be read with interest. On his first mission to Europe, he was entrusted with the negotiation of an important commercial treaty with the Prussian government; when the treaty was concluded, and the contracting parties were about to affix their signatures at Berlin, the Russian minister desired to know what title M. de Gorostiza would have affixed to his name. The latter being at that time styled by his government merely the confidential agent of Mexico, replied, that he had none; "what," said the Baron Bulow, "no title?" Considerable hesitation hereupon ensued, and notwithstanding M. de Gorostiza's observing, that in republican governments no titles were admitted, it was considered highly improper that the seals should be affixed to a treaty in which one of the subscribing parties was an untitled personage. In this state of things, there was some danger of the treaty remaining unexecuted, when fortunately for the embarrassed diplomatist, it was recollected that M. de Gorostiza had held the rank of Colonel in the Mexican army; this smoothed every difficulty, and Colonel de Gorostiza executed an instrument, which to plain Mr. would have been impossible.

In the last number of the Dublin Literary Gazette, it was stated in a communication from Paris, that M. Cottreau, a French physician, had discovered a mode of curing consumption, by the inhalation of chloruret. I find on enquiry, that this has already been attempted with success in this country, and that great benefit is expected to arise from an improved method of administering it. When it is considered that a very large portion of the community fall annually victims to this fatal malady, we cannot but feel delighted at the prospect of a remedy which bids fair to rescue so many persons from its destructive influence. I shall carefully watch the result of some cases now in hand, and communicate it to you, so that you may be able to put the faculty of the Irish capital in possession of the earliest information on the subject.

To the Editor of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

Sir,

As you were so good as to give insertion in your most interesting journal, to the "Hints for the formation of a Society for promoting the Study of Natural History in Dublin," I am induced to hope you will confer the same favor on my present letter.

I am happy to have to inform you, that without any personal applications, above seventy gentlemen have already signed their names as willing to become subscribers, in the books left for that purpose at the Literary Gazette Office, and at Mr. Glennon's, Suffolk-street, and there is no doubt of a great number of names being added, when the intention is more generally known.

A gift has been already made to the intended Society, accompanied by the following letter:

Sir,—Having had the pleasure of reading in the Literary Gazette, an article relative to the establishment of a Museum in Dublin, for the encouragement of the study of Natural History, on a plan therein so satisfactorily described,

I beg to say, that the undertaking appears to me most desirable, and must, in my opinion, encourage every lover of the science to aid in its advancement.

I avail myself of my present visit to this country, to present to the Institution a perfect set of specimens illustrative of the Geology of Cumberland, with a set of Musical stones, known by the name of Clink stones—and I shall be happy, on my next visit from Keswick to show my anxiety to further the object in view, by making any additions I can to the intended Museum.

I remain, Sir, your very obedient Servant,
ROBERT CRAMPTON.

3, Suffolk-street, March 3d.

Edward Murphy, esq. of Aughnacloy, in entering his name, adds as follows:

"I have carefully collected specimens of the Geology of the Counties of Tyrone, Donegal and Derry, which I shall have great pleasure in presenting to the Society, whenever a place is fitted for their reception."

E. M.

I have also to acknowledge the receipt of a handsome silver medal, by Mossop, struck on the occasion of his Majesty's visit to Ireland, from William Brereton, esq. of Borris in Ossory.

Several gentlemen have expressed their intentions of presenting specimens of Natural History, as soon as a place is determined on to commence the Museum in, and there is little doubt, that when entered upon, its success will be as great as can be desired.

When a sufficient number of names are subscribed to warrant its being done, a general meeting will be requested, to consider of the best means of commencing the Society: books still lie for that purpose, at the Literary Gazette Office, D'Olier-street, and at Mr. Glennon's, 3, Suffolk-street.

I remain, Sir, your very obedient Servant,
W.

THE ENGLISH IN FRANCE.

It is scarcely fair to throw all the malice to which idiomatic blunders and literal translations have from time immemorial doomed the French, *exclusively* upon our vivacious neighbours; and it may be more than suspected, that we owe our security rather to habitual shyness and constitutional silence, than to any particularly felicitous aptitude in discovering the right way of expressing our ideas in a foreign language. A Frenchman once said, "que Messieurs les Anglois avoient un talent merveilleux pour le silence," and certainly in comparison with their own extreme volubility, the often abstracted air, and general taciturnity of the English, must appear to them very remarkable, for while even our well educated young people, who have recently learned both to speak and write French, obstinately refuse, in England, to risk the possibility of a mistake, in order to satisfy the eager inquiry of a foreigner, French ladies and gentlemen seldom hesitate to speak as well as they can, and always good-humouredly join in the laugh which their own comical blunders occasion, and which our want of *savoir vivre* too often exposes.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that to stifle a smile is not always possible; a perfectly amiable and modest French lady of my acquaintance, Mad. de P. convulsed a whole dinner party with laughter, by gravely asking a gentleman near her, if she should help him to some *crim con*! (crimped cod.)

But an Englishman must speak French in France, or, forty years ago, he might have starved; now, he only runs the risk of mistaking *haricots* for stewed mutton cutlets, and getting a pain in his stomach from the indigestible white beans, which are thus designated in the "carte" of the restaurateur—not forty years ago, but something more than fourteen, in that memorable year when *la belle ville de Paris*, was occupied by the allied armies, many of our officers found it extremely difficult to make themselves understood; and it is related of a certain *hungry* Major —, of the — dragoons, that he went to a restaurant in the Palais Royal, in no small doubt *how* to express his wants to the Garçon de Caffé, who stood gazing at him with that indescribable mixture of subservience and impudence in his look, which belongs to his "caste"—"Garçon!" at last said the Major, with a self satisfied air, "Je suis — fameux! Oh oui monsieur," answered the waiter, with a shrug and a sigh, "sans doute tous les officiers Anglais le sont." Pshaw, nonsense, that won't do, I must try again, Garçon? Plait-il monsieur? Garçon J'ai une grosse femme! ha, ha, apparemment que Monsieur aime l'embonpoint! et des petits enfans?—no, no, pas cela, stupid idiot not to understand his own language!" Once more, with the voice of a Stentor, he exclaimed, "Garçon je suis — femme!" this was too much even for the enduring politesse of a French Garçon, who, no longer able to repress his laughter, could only point to the Major's bushy whiskers and well curled moustaches, and vociferate, "Oh pour le coup monsieur la chose n'est pas possible!"

[The foregoing anecdote, which has the singular merit of truth to recommend it, is from the pen of the same fair and distant correspondent to whose thoughtful kindness we have had occasion, more than once, to express our obligations. We need scarcely inform our readers, that what the Major meant to express, in his three unfortunate essays, was 1, Je suis affamé; 2, J'ai grand faim; 3, J'ai faim. The anecdotes of the French emigrés are carefully cherished in petto, and shall appear in due season.]

NEW MUSIC.

"The False Maid," from the poetry of the Magyars, by Doctor Bowring, the music composed by Vincent Mazzocchi, (A. Ellard, Dublin.)

WE congratulate the musical world on the first effort to illustrate by music the delightful effusions of the Hungarian poets, for an acquaintance with whom we are indebted to the work of Doctor Bowring, which we recently noticed.—The composer in the present instance appears to have selected the most simple, from among the many beautiful specimens of poetry which the work in question exhibits, but we trust he may be induced to pursue his exertions in a field so propitious to the exercise of his talents.—The melody of the song under our notice, is at once flowing and graceful, exhibiting as a musical composition, many characteristics of Rossini's style, as well as much of theoretical tact in the composer.—In the second verse, the progression from G major to B flat, and the reversion to the original key, has a novel and pleasing effect; the chorus also, at the conclusion of each stanza, is